Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeeld,
To ſinowy *Aiax*, I will not praiſe thy wiſdome,
Which like a boord: a pale, a ſhore confines
This ſpacious and dilated parts, here's *Neſtor*,
Inſtructed by the antiquary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe;
But pardon father *Neſtor* were your daies
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Aiax*. *Aiax*. Shall I call you father?
Neſt. I my good Sonne.
Dio. Be ruld by him Lord *Aiax*.
Vliſſ. There is no tarrying here the Hart *Achilles*,
Keepes thicket, pleaſe it our great generall,
To call together all his ſtate of warre,
Freſh Kings are come to Troy. To morrow
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt,
And here's a Lord come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt
And call their flower, *Aiax* ſhall cope the beſt.
Aga. Go we to counſell, let *Achilles* ſleepe,
Light boates faile ſwift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.
Enter Pandarus. (*Exeunt*.
Pan. Friend you, pray you a word, doe you not follow the yong Lord *Paris*. *Man*. I ſir when he goes before mee.
Pan. You depend vpon him I meane.
Man. Sir I do depend vpon the Lord.
Pan. You depend vpon a notable gentleman I muſt needs praiſe him.
Man. The Lord be praized?
Pan. You know me? doe you not?
Man. Faith ſir ſuperficially.
Pan. Friend know mee better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.
Man. I hope I ſhall know your honour better?
Pan. I do deſire it.
Man. You are in the ſtate of grace?
Pan. Grace? not ſo friend, honour and Lordſhip are my titles, what muſicke is this?
Man. I do but partly know ſir, it is muſick in partes.

Pan.